RADIO GOES TO WAR, BY CHARLES J. ROLO

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"THE DOCTORS MAYO"
By H. B. Clapesattle
Reviewed by Mabel S. Ulrich

"HOLLYWOOD"
By Leo C. Rosten
Reviewed by Alfred McClung Lee

"HORACE WALPOLE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH GEORGE MONTAGU"
Edited by W. S. Lewis and Ralph S. Brown, Jr.
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"INTRODUCING AUSTRALIA"
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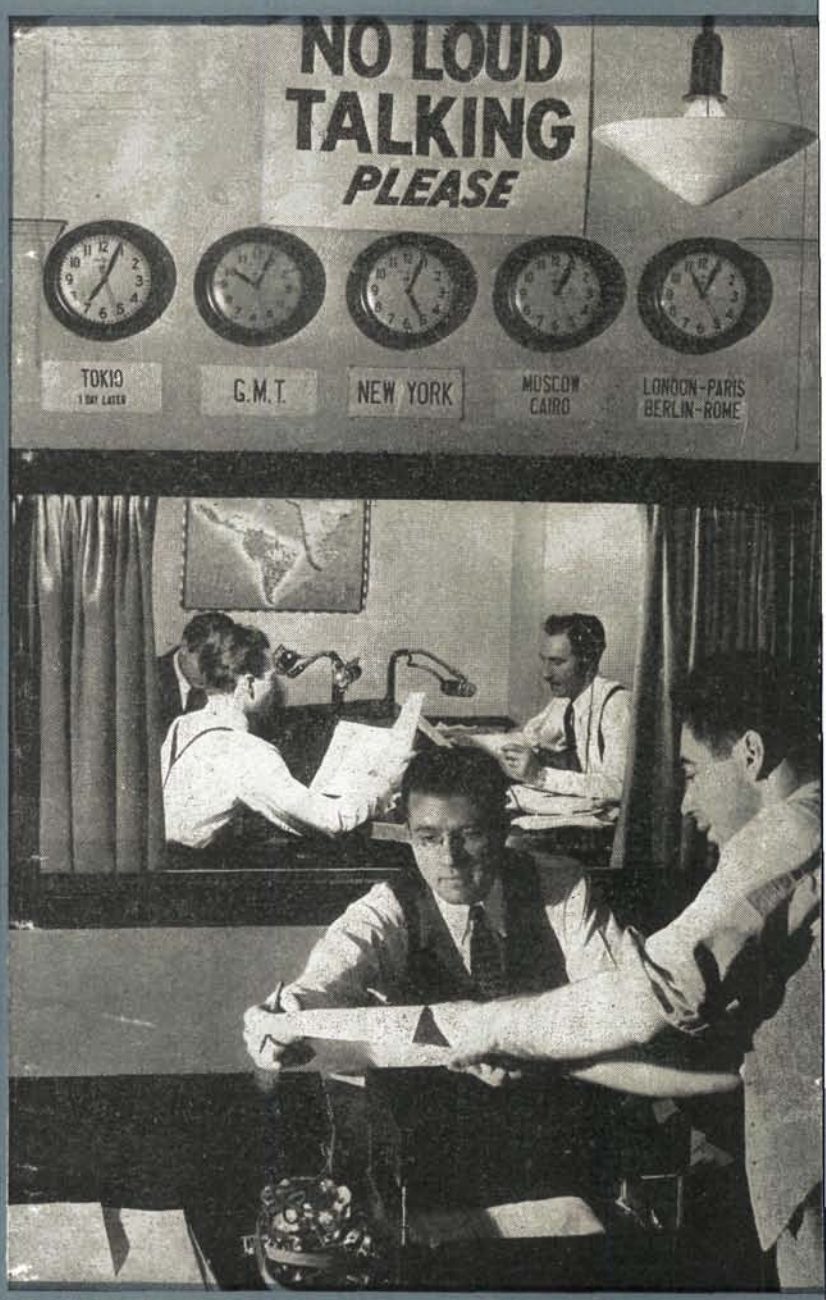

RADIO NEWS ROOM (NBC): "On the battlefront of the mind," radio has defeated the Nazi attempt "to stamp out the instinct to freedom" . . . *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Radio Goes to War

CHARLES J. ROLO

"A dam of truth against the never-ceasing torrent of lies and rumors."
—War Motto of the BBC.

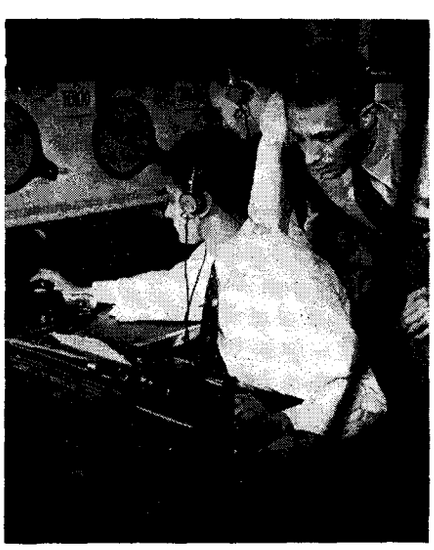
IN the intellectual blackout imposed by the Nazis on occupied Europe, words spoken across the ether have become the literature of Freedom. Democratic radio has taken the place of the printing presses silenced by the conqueror or turned to propagating the hateful doctrines of Dr. Goebbels. Carried on radio beams that travel with the speed of light the new literature of the blackout penetrates beyond national frontiers, spans the walls of censorship that bar the way to the printed word, and seeps through the fine net of the Gestapo. It speaks in all tongues to all classes. It reaches the illiterate and the informed, the young and the old, the civilian and the soldier in the front line, the policy-makers and the inarticulate masses. On the battlefront of the mind it has defeated every attempt of the Nazis to stamp out the instinct to freedom and Europe's cultural heritage.

The literature of the blackout has a large, secret following—the "Hundred Million Allies" of democracy in occupied Europe. In 1940, nearly 1,500 men and women in Germany proper were sent to concentration camps or had their heads cut off for listening to foreign broadcasts. Yet the following summer, reports reached the United States that Germans were disregarding the ban on listening to foreign broadcasts "with astounding openness," and those who respected it were considered "great cowards." A Nazi paper, the *Flensburger Nachrichten,* even angrily admitted that "some Party Members are still seduced to listen for foreign broadcasts and spread them further." So popular is bootleg listening that the Gestapo has long lists of offenders whom it cannot arrest because there would not be enough room for them in all of the jails in Germany. It contents itself with cracking down on those relaying "foreign propaganda"—if it can catch them.

But the Germans have a number of ways of telling their friends what the *auslaendische Rundfunk* is saying—"Last night I dreamt the British bombed Hamburg," or "Herr Pinnelerger tells me they're having a hot spell in Duesseldorf." Somehow the word gets around.

After one of its broadcasts to France, the BBC received as many as 139 letters. A Frenchman, signing himself *"un ancien combattant,"* wrote in to say: "Although I am in occupied France, *with the invaders in our very house,* we listen to your transmissions, which are of course forbidden. According to conversations I hear the whole of France listens to you." In July, 1941, the Royalist daily, *L'Action Française,* complained that "too many" Frenchmen persisted in listening to the British radio and drawing their information from it, and pro-Axis French writers have repeatedly deplored the fact that their fellow-countrymen are "intoxicated by the mirages of the BBC."

Norwegians who have escaped to England report that in Norway it is considered "bad form" to ring up friends or call on them during the hours when the BBC is broadcasting



A monitor at an NBC short-wave radio listening post in Bellmore, Long Island. The posts are an important source of news from overseas.

in Norwegian, and that far more people listen to London than to their own German-controlled home stations. Confirmation of the BBC's success in Norway comes from the Germans themselves. In August, 1941, General Wilhelm Redeiss, Nazi chief of Police for Norway, admitted in an interview with the *Deutsche Zeitung* that the pro-British group was "gaining for its anti-German plans"; he blamed British broadcasts for "increasing instances of impudence and provocative behavior to uniformed and civilian Germans." Shortly after this—so devastating was the effect of British, and American, programs—that Gauleiter Terboven felt compelled to order that all receiving sets in Oslo and the vicinity be confiscated. Even then he had to resort to a house by house round-up by the military to bludgeon the Norwegian civilians into surrendering their radios.

Travellers from Denmark declare that almost every household tunes in regularly to England. In Holland, both the BBC's newscasts and its "Free" Dutch Government program, "Radio Oranje," are well received and have provided a focus for resistance to the Nazis. In Poland, where the Germans have made even the possession of a receiving set illegal, it is known that two-men suicide squads take down and mimeograph the texts of British and American broadcasts, which are then widely circulated in leaflet form. Forty-five minutes after the relief of Tobruk by the Allies was announced, the news was flashed by grapevine across the country. Indeed, among all of the conquered countries clandestine news sheets based on the bulletins of the British radio are circulating from hand to hand, and in Czechoslovakia anything broadcast by the BBC is known throughout the country within a few hours. Some continental papers have even printed jokes about children telling the time from the emptiness of the streets at the hours when the BBC is on the air.

The BBC's main European service is on the air twenty hours a day, and a second service carries broadcasts for

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Spain, Portugal, the Balkans, and the Scandinavian countries. All European languages are covered, including Albanian, Icelandic, and Luxembourg patois. In these transmissions news is the backbone, but talks, sketches, dramatizations, and other feature programs have an important place.

The BBC's French-language service is undoubtedly its most effective and has a tremendous audience, judging from the hundreds of letters that reach the BBC through underground channels and by ordinary mail from the so-called unoccupied area. It consists of six daily newscasts, a morning and evening "magazine" program, each lasting half an hour, and several special features. On these broadcasts the BBC has been particularly successful in launching slogans and ditties—set to the tunes of popular songs—that have caught on all over France. "Musso" is the butt of one ballad set to the music of "Funiculi, funicula," while another, based on the catchy refrain of the pre-war hit "Why Does My Heart Go Boom?" sings of the spirit of England and mocks the "Glousglous" who live in mortal terror of a watery death in the Channel. The French transmissions of the British radio have also presented wartime dramatizations on such themes as England's increasing strength and the exploits of the Free French forces.

Twelve men and women are responsible for the French-language transmissions of the BBC. They include a painter, a famous cartoonist, an actor from the Comedie Française, several newspapermen, a cinema technician, and a soubrette from the Paris stage.

The European Service also includes five periods a day in Italian and five in Dutch, one specially designed for Dutch seamen, and four periods in Polish, in Czech, and in Norwegian. On the latter King Haakon and the Crown Prince have spoken a number of times. The Belgians have a special program in Flemish on alternate days. News is broadcast three times daily in Serbo-Croat and Turkish, twice daily in Danish, Greek, Magyar, Spanish, and Rumanian, once in Albanian, Bulgarian, Finnish, Slovene, and Swedish.

The BBC sends out four hours of German-language programs a day—eight newcasts and four special features. Day in, day out, the British radio attacks "the Nazi parasites—men who have made a sewer of the German language," and denounces the manifold sins of Goebbels ("the jackal"), Goering ("the dope fiend"), Streicher, Himmler, and the others.

> Think of the crimes and corruption of your leaders [exclaims a British spokesman]. These leaders speak of equal sacrifices for all. It makes me want to laugh! Has Goebbels told you of his castle, his country house, and a fifty-room mansion in Berlin? And Goering too needs Lebensraum—a hunting place, a large Berlin mansion, and a summer resort at Dach. The eight years of the Nazi regime have been fat years for the Nazi leaders but lean ones for the German people . . . You get a full ration of lies, but only a half-ration of bread.
>
> National Socialism [the BBC declares], has occupied so much of German soil that there is hardly any room left for real Germans . . . And what good does the greed of the party bosses do the German worker? How much longer will he stand it? One day there will be a revolution in Germany that will liberate the people. And when it comes, Nazism will go and there will be an end to espionage, to torture, to hunger, and to hunger wages, and the Ministry of Propaganda will perish.
>
> "First defeat, then Revolution," is a favorite theme of the British radio. It is possible to win so many campaigns, so many battles that it kills you. The Germans always win every battle but the last, the final one. The last battle has yet to be fought. And when it comes we here in England have no doubts as to its outcome.

Speakers fresh from this country—Vincent Sheean, Erika Mann, and others—have warned of the imminence of American intervention against the Nazis: "Unpleasant surprises have come from that quarter before. In one way or another the North American continent is likely to provide the answer to the Axis."

Unrest in Europe, the terrifying prospect of a revolt of the nations enslaved by Hitler, is another major theme of the literature of the blackout. A "well-known Belgian Socialist" declares: "The Belgian people wants to be free and will be. And the more criminal the rule of the oppressor, the more terrible will be the final reckoning." A Dutchman tells of clashes with the Nazis in Holland, and adds sardonically: "The bodies of Germans who have fallen into canals are being found with increasing frequency." The Norwegians are said to put up large signs in their cities during the night ordering all loyal citizens to stay away from the German movies, which are fit only "for Quislings and prostitutes." In one of the BBC's gripping dramatizations a priest, under torture, admits: "There is a man who hates the Nazis. He will never submit." The Nazi inquisitor asks: "Who is he?" The Priest: "A Czech." The Nazi: "I know. But where does he live?" The priest, dying: "EVERYWHERE!"

In this light, what are Hitler's much-vaunted conquests but a source of greater weakness? "No one climbs so high as he who does not know

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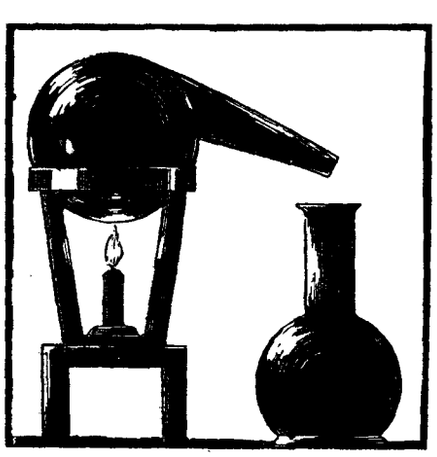
Growth of a Medical Tradition

THE DOCTORS MAYO. By H. B. Clapesattle. University of Minnesota Press. 1941. 712 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

THE Mayo Clinic has contributed one of the most sensational chapters to the story of modern medicine. Its significance to doctors and laymen alike, however does not lie in its more obvious surprises—the fact that in a little town in the heart of the Middle West there has grown up the world's greatest medical center which in a few years has treated over a million patients, its sky-scraper building, six hospitals, huge world-famed staff, and cosmopolitan clientele. Rather it lies in the fact that here, for the world to see, is being tried out the greatest experiment in group medicine ever attempted. Group medicine, in spite of the Clinic's phenomenal success, has yet to prove itself the answer to the growing complexities of medical practice. The experiment is still an experiment. But whatever may be the ultimate verdict as to this method of caring for sick humanity, nothing can detract from the honor and glory of the two small-town brothers who almost unconsciously found themselves developing the group idea and proceeded to carry it to a point of efficiency that astounded the entire medical profession and made their little home town a Mecca to thousands who traveled there from every country in the world. How all this happened Miss Clapesattle tells us in her scholarly and detailed biography of the brothers and their delightful pioneer father.

Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie were simple, modest men. Steadfastly they resisted all publishers' importunities for their "story" and a feature-hungry reporter was almost as unwelcome as a medical quack. It was the president and dean of the University of Minnesota who finally convinced them that their unique experiment belonged by rights to the history of American medicine. In the end they assented, stipulating, however that the story should not be told until after their deaths and that the University should assume the responsibility for its telling. So it was that in 1939 the task was assigned to Miss Clapesattle, a trained historian associated with the University Press.



The story begins with "The Old Doctor," William Morrell Mayo, who left England in 1845 when he was twenty-five to come to America. How he finished his medical education, how he wandered West and tried his hand at any and every job he could get—even to buying ladies' hats for his wife's millinery shop in St. Paul—and how finally he became the trusted horse-and-buggy doctor of southern Minnesota makes first-class Americana. "The Little Doc" emerges as a lovable, lusty little man, forever driven by unquenchable curiosity and an urge to offer a hand and a drink to anyone who needed it. At the age when most boys were playing baseball, Will and Charlie were following him about on his calls, learning anatomy from the skeleton of a hanged Indian, giving anesthetics when he operated with instruments he carried about in his pockets. Many readers will find these earliest chapters as interesting as any in the book and a few may even wonder if in the last accounting "The Old Doc" may not prove to be as great a man as either of his more famous sons.

When the hurricane of 1883 struck southern Minnesota, a handful of nuns opened what was later to become St. Mary's Hospital and Dr. Mayo was asked to take charge. Soon the boys were using its crude equipment to carry on their researches. Once in possession of their degrees, they came home to work with their father, and now the skill of the three Mayos became a household word throughout the countryside. Gradually they added more and more specialists to assist them. The Mayo Clinic had been born although no one knew it as such for some time to come.

In the years that followed both brothers operated on thousands of cases, traveled extensively, served in the first World War, received every conceivable medical honor. By 1915 they had accumulated more money than they wanted. With one and a half million dollars they established the Mayo Foundation for Medical Education and Research to be operated in conjunction with the University of Minnesota Medical School.

What was the secret of the Mayo success? Neither of the brothers was a scientist. Their original contributions were few. They were always the first to admit that the country has many operators as skillful. Dr. Will always gave the credit to their father—"We were reared in medicine as a farmer boy is reared in farming"—and to the fact that the time and place were exactly right for the experiment. But there were the added factors that both were indefatigable workers and that Dr. Will possessed a veritable genius for organization, a genius that under different circumstances might have made him another Jim Hill or Marshall Field.

—*From the book.*
"Dr. Charlie"

Miss Clapesattle has given us a careful, authoritative biography. It may contain too much detail for the general reader's taste, and its painstaking conscientiousness gives it more than an occasional Victorian flavor. One feels that somehow it should have been more exciting. Nevertheless, this is a significant and peculiarly American story ably told. Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie would have liked it.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 405)

LORD TENNYSON:
THE LOTUS EATERS

We only toil who are the first of things,
. . . . . .
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings.
. . . . . .
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm."
. . . . . .
Let us alone. Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?

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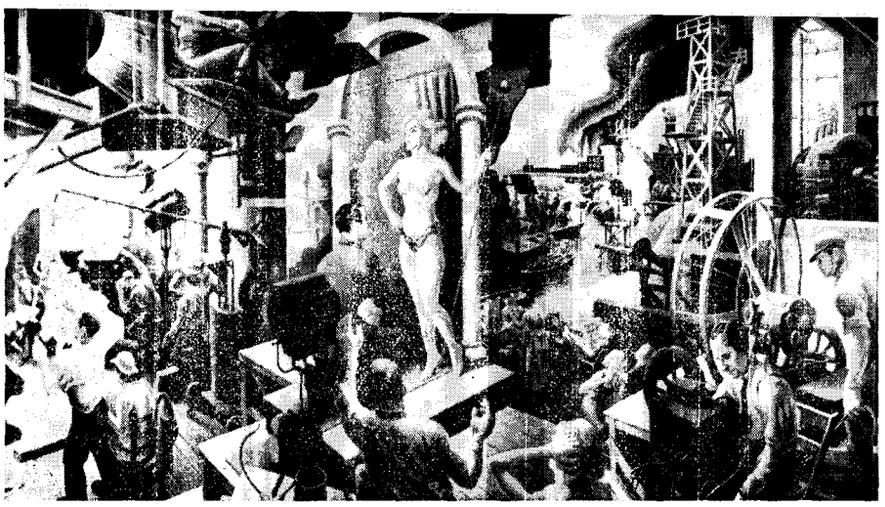

—From the painting by Thomas Benton.

The Stardust Industry

HOLLYWOOD: THE MOVIE COLONY, THE MOVIE MAKERS. By Leo C. Rosten. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1941. 436 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by ALFRED MCCLUNG LEE

ETHNOLOGISTS like to compile treatises on the minutiae of primitive shamanism, initiation ceremonials, and pottery-making, enlivened only occasionally by self-conscious passages on boy chasing girl.

Hollywood bookwriters usually add little but the prestige of a separate file card in libraries to their intimate roundups of press-agent hand-outs.

Rosten, who is both an ethnologist and a clever bookwriter, presents in his "Hollywood" neither "a catalogue of nonsense" nor "a bucket of whitewash." He and his research staff peered into the Hollywood struggle for prestige and cash but kept from becoming involved in the struggle. They observed in the manner of candid friends, and frequently not as the ballyhoo boys would have liked. And, to grant a point Rosten makes in his preface, the "book is neither amused nor indignant"; it reflects a balanced sense of the obvious, the commonplace, the unique, and the ridiculous.

In this first of several proposed books on Hollywood, growing out of an extensive three-year inspection of the colony and its inmates, Rosten portrays the power structure, the folkways and mores, the rewards and punishments in cash, frustration, and narcissism of the cellulords and their employees. In addition, his language and his anecdotes transmit the drama of the town to an extent most amazing in a book of such scientific respectability.

Rosten can sum up the dynamics of a situation in a brief space with clarity:

> Hollywood has an incomparable talent for publicity and a startling ignorance of public relations.

> The "big people" of other communities and other industries are, in general, smug, opinionated, arrogant in their wealth, and convinced of the supernal wisdom of their accidental philosophies. The "big people" of Hollywood are insecure, defensive, and filled with a propelling desire for information which can offer them roots and moorings among the mysteries of a complex world. Hollywood's elite is, at bottom, dissatisfied with its own culture and envious of others.

> The best comment on the morale of the movie factories is that they have the atmosphere of a high-school dramatic club.

Financed by grants from the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations, Rosten not only had the assistance of a staff of eleven trained investigators and analysts but also the benefit of an advisory board consisting of Robert S. Lynd ("Middletown" and "Middletown in Transition") of Columbia, Louis Wirth and Herbert Blumer, noted sociologists of the University of Chicago, and Harold D. Lasswell of the Washington School of Psychiatry, authority on the interrelations between politics and psychiatry.

Rosten himself is a well trained social scientist, the author of "The Washington Correspondents," and also—as Leonard Q. Ross—the writer of "The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N" and "The Strangest Places." He is thus an author of fiction, humor, and satire, and a professional screen writer on the one hand and a consultant on the other to the American Film Center, the Division of Information of the Office for Emergency Management, and the National Defense Advisory Commission.

While some pedants may not believe it, Rosten & Co. have packed a first-rate piece of scientific analysis behind such enticing chapter-headings as "Horses, Gifts, and Superstitions," "The Fight for Prestige," "Eros in Hollywood," "The Big Money," and "The Long Arm of Hollywood."

Life with Grandma

BITTER HONEY. By Martin Joseph Freeman. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 297 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

"BITTER HONEY," which seems to be autobiographical, is an amusing sketch of life in a small Ohio town thirty-four years ago as viewed in its uncomplicated pattern by twelve-year-old David Ward; or, rather, it is this tranquil age of Taft and Bryan, Billy Sunday, and W. C. T. U. contests as it appears to a middle-aged New Yorker today, who suspends his past in a golden solution of mellow reminiscence. "A boy's will is the wind's will," and how close can an adult ever come to divining what a boy really thinks? Chekhov reminds us that life is far more subtle than even the best fiction, for through the focus of art its material is reshaped, reduced, and simplified. At any rate the novelist succeeds far less in interesting us in David's interpretation of life than in entertaining us with an exhumation of an era.

The author is determined that we shall not forget the date of his story. No novel actually written in 1908 would give us half so many time-clews as does "Bitter Honey," which italicizes the quaint and obsolete until finally we are half persuaded that 1908 lies farther behind us than 1608. Fortunately, however, the novelist is neither too sentimental nor too patronizing about his past, and the myriad of details are amusing in themselves. Almost all of them are here: Larkin's coupons, five-cents-a-quart milk, Elijah's Manna (this will test the reader's age), mustache cups, the Toledo "Blade, Comfort," Horatio Alger, druggets, Nickelodeons, hair-rats, burnt-wood art work, carbon street-lights, wash-tub baths, Protracted Meetings, etc. Only one item is missing: in the old-fashioned kitchen there is no wood-box with an incongruously elegant covering of flowered wallpaper.

The slight and forgettable story is of little consequence. The youngsters in a genteel family are in vague revolt against their elders, not so much against their milque-toast father and wispy mother as against their grandmother. Life with Grandmother is not easy. Her pruderies, social snobberies, and unconfused conservatism precipitate endless minor crises, but all that is objectionable is on her rough service. She scolds and switches, but she is shrewd and understanding .Here she is recaptured and preserved—in honey which is hardly bitter at all.

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Letters to (and from) George

HORACE WALPOLE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH GEORGE MONTAGU. Edited by W. S. Lewis and Ralph S. Brown, Jr. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1941. 2 *vols. Vol. I,* 418 *pp.; vol. II,* 250 *pp., and index.* $15.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIS is the third installment of a great work which goes forward with rapidity and precision. The correspondence with Cole and with Madame du Deffand are joined on a noble shelf by two more very exciting volumes. Mr. Lewis and his associates have completed approximately a fifth of their long march. More and more the wisdom of printing both sides of the exchange of minds becomes apparent. For so light is let in and the great picture of a great time draws itself before you.

The reviewer, after the manner of reviewers, competent or otherwise, noted on the margin what struck his fancy. But it was no more use than the mistaken energy of an inexpert forester who blazes every tree in the wood. Like Matthew Arnold one would like to select everything. There is hardly a page without its touch of the memorable and brilliant. Walpole said of himself on revisiting Eton after a long interval that he "had all sorts of queer feels." But he always had them anyhow, and nobody ever transmitted to others the peculiarities of his own experience with greater success. His eye for apocalyptic detail was as good as it is possible for an eye to be. And though, like all intuitives, his interpretation is often subject to revision in the light of what he could not know or guess, his estimates are frequently almost terrifying in their amiable penetration. The instances are numberless, but it would be hard to forget the gleam that reveals the nature of the Duke of Newcastle, when he kept his feet warm at the funeral of George II by standing on the train of the Duke of Cumberland's robe. Chaucer would have liked that.

These volumes are particularly satisfactory because in George Montagu Walpole had the sort of correspondent created by God to draw him out. Montagu was proud, shy, of the best blood in England as they counted blood then, and beyond that had as many lubies and foibles as Walpole's heart could desire. He managed through a long life to be at once eccentric and inconspicuous, did precisely as he pleased and enjoyed the habit thoroughly. He was, to steal a phrase, "a sort of pedestrian Puck or squirearchic Ariel." What does one do with a minor English aristocrat, the grand passion of whose life is Madame de Sevigné and who won't visit his friend in "the County of Twicks," if there is danger of encountering too many dukes? Obviously one catches as much of him as one can in the amber of a correspondence at least as remarkable as Nôtre Dame de Livry's.

At any rate Walpole caught him. For some thirty-four years the men, friends from boyhood, kept up a correspondence, which is at time chit-chat and at times wisdom and eloquence—on both sides. The faineant Montagu was ineffably indolent, but, as Mr. Lewis correctly indicates, when roused was at least Walpole's equal in quaint or exciting expression of his predilections or aversions. Nor is it improbable, as the Editor also suggests, that Walpole, to this fountain repairing, occasionally drew some lightness in his own more golden urn. Between them they were in a fair way to create "a little language" like Swift's. Walpole had the felicity that he could learn from another man's humor, using the word in both the Elizabethan sense and our own.

The correspondence could not be eternal, though the pair certainly made a good go at it. About ten years before Montagu's death in 1780 the letters cease, the editors can only guess why, though they point out that the friends had disagreed about politics. Perhaps both had become too "humorous." It is to be noted that Walpole's last written word is Adieu. The perfect sympathy had become an imperfect one.

—From an old print.

Horace Walpole

With a worthy co-worker Walpole, in these glorious volumes, is naturally at his very best, brightest, most fanciful, and most penetrating. Visions were always his pasture. There are plenty of them here, sedate visions perhaps, but they will gladden the hearts of others after us, for whom this gaiety and illumination will subsist in a world that does not wait in harsh anxiety for news from Libya, from the flaming mouth of the Don, from Singapore.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FICTION'S FAMOUS FOWLS

The feathered friends briefly described below rank high among literature's well-known birds. Allowing five points if you can tell what kind of bird each one was, and another five if you can name the story in which it appears, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 10.

1. After being murdered by a sparrow, this bird was mourned by a dove and buried by an owl, with the assistance of a rook, a lark, a linnet, a wren, and a thrush.
2. A one-word vocabulary was all this bird needed to carry on a complete conversation.
3. This bird belonged to one pirate and was named after another.
4. Supernatural punishment was inflicted upon a sailor for shooting this antarctic bird.
5. So huge was this bird that its eggs were 50 paces in circumference.
6. Not only could this bird sing, but it also accompanied itself on a small guitar.
7. During the London riots in 1880, this bird added anti-Catholic sentiments to its other utterances.
8. The two children of a wood-cutter searched in many places for this bird, and finally found it in their own home.
9. Blighted affection caused this bird to commit suicide by drowning himself.
10. In cooking this bird, you "boil it in sawdust: you salt it in glue: you condense it with locusts and tape: still keeping one principal object in view—to preserve its symmetrical shape."

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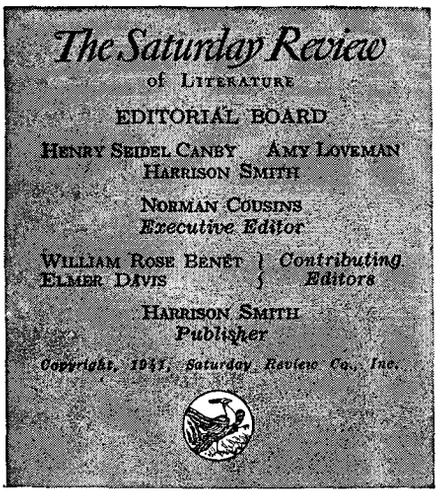

"THEY ALSO SERVE . . ."

FORTUNATELY (in a year of misfortune) fighting in this war requires no more speculation than a dog fight. The question as to whether it is a final liquidation of a generation of error, or an explosion of human pathology, or both, need not trouble the mind of the American combatant. He has to fight.

But age and sex and occupations and family responsibilities and physical disability are going to keep the vast majority of us from the firing lines, and many millions from any active share in either the preparation or the conduct of the war. For those who want to serve their country but are not yet called, and perhaps not to be called at all for anything but part-time aid, a word of suggestion.

One of the blessings of a dark moment is the break-down into active meaning of so many of the terms we have been playing with as if we knew what they meant—democracy, patriotism, dictatorship, totalitarianism. It is a totalitarian war, and we Americans are just beginning to realize what this means in the mobilization of all resources, all strengths, all techniques. This the Axis began years ago when determined upon war, and we are slowly learning the lesson. It is a German lesson we have to learn in arms; but not in morale!

Totalitarian war for the United States has got to mean a great deal that is the antithesis of the dictator states. Totalitarian war for America either engages every loyalty, every tradition, every faculty of self-criticism or it is not total. And this is particularly true for the non-combatant class, and especially true for well educated men and women, mature and responsible to their country.

Fortunately for them, war, whether an unnecessary or a necessary evil, is a thing of intense intellectual stimulation. The news itself keeps the mind awake. Ideas are sharper and cut deeper. Sluggishness vanishes. Inhibitions break down. There is awareness noticeable even in casual talk on the streets. Dynamic books, provocative magazines, alert newspapers do well in war-time. It was true in 1914-1918; and many will remember, with foreboding lest it happen again, the sag and slump of American intellectual morale after that war, when we went backward seeking for "normalcy" like a dog for his vomit. It was this wallow into smug complacency that not only forecast another war, but bred that mosquito brood of satiric writers that stung us to irritation, bit at their own loyalties, and disillusioned the oncoming generation of much that was illusion, but still more that was not but belonged to the heart and soul of America.

This, then is a call to the mature non-combatant who will have time to feel and think. It is your duty to keep your thinking clear and your brains awake. You have the experience of two war times, and you have seen muddle on muddle in between. If you want to serve your country, love it, and find out for yourself and others why you love it and how it can be made to be more loved. You *are* the American tradition in flesh and blood; but you have never had to be fully aware of what it is and how it works in emergency and change. Whitman, who was prophetic in so many things, had the word for it—

> Long, too long America,
> Traveling roads all even and peaceful you learn'd from joys and prosperity only,
> But now, ah now, to learn from crises of anguish, advancing, grappling with direst fate and recoiling not,
> And now to conceive and show to the world what your children en-masse really are, . . .

This is a call and a challenge to the non-combatant in the new terms of a new era. For this is total war, and it is the evident duty of the non-combatant, to see that we have a country worth saving. And this means, to drop generalities, you, and you, and you. For it was not any deficiency of the military virtues that led to the 1920's, which few Americans remember with pride. The soldiers and sailors did their job. They were unprepared when we entered the war. The mass of Americans who stayed at home were unprepared for the future, and indeed, for the present, when we ended it. The soldiers' morale was tougher than theirs.

Don't let it happen again. If you can't fight, wake up your head and warm your heart and get ready for the difficult present and the still more difficult future.

H. S. C.

Not for This Year Only

By Jeremy Ingalls

NOT to stratospheres with coat, gloves,
Leather, fur, guarding the temperate flesh
Frail in flight, deferring to tanks fit
With common nourishment, sustaining air.
Not with liquid eyes glare-goggled, glassed;
Not so, sucking the frangible hose
Feeding the lungs aloft, lost in the mapless sky.

Not even seeing the blue signal, the swung lantern,
Not even hearing at night the trainman's cry,
Not with bags packed shift, leaping the wheel-ground rails
To the secret train fleeing. Not alone
On the misted road, flight; car with motor turning,
Foot ready to floor; not by deep
Wind-salt inlet hidden in hemlock
Paddle, hushed oar, muffled engine,
Set sail. Earth nor air find
Way, no way by pedal running to bruised feet,
No way out of the world's valley,
This trap and ambush of infertile air.

In this world's valley now this night contend
Two armies. No rock shelter
All roads nowhere and decision here.
Hope no flight, nor swept, fast
Unshattered cottage, Armies stand
In the world's valley.
Choose. No road nor wing-path
Out of this valley.
Only choice. Now. Here.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Was "Rebecca" Plagiarized?

SIR:—Is it not about time that we indulged in a little common sense in the controversy of *Rebecca vs. A Sucesora?* I do not know whether Miss du Maurier ever saw the Brazilian novel or not, and do not think it has anything to do with the case if she had seen it. Look at the matter in both the large and the minute. The number of ideas in the world are limited. I am not a novelist but I am told that the number of plots is extremely limited, from the days of the cave man to the latest best seller. It is treatment, style, depiction of character, and other factors rather than mere novelty of plot that must necessarily count. Authors, like scientists, absorb and use the work of their predecessors or contemporaries. Is a musical composer to be forever debarred from weaving into his composition a theme which may have been used by some other? Can no theme, plot, invention, idea ever be used again or have variations played upon it in the history of civilization without the user being accused of the crime of plagiarism?

Take it in the small. I happened to write a book called "The Epic of America." It may be considered to be well known as it has been through more than thirty editions in English and has been translated into eight foreign languages. Well, in that book in 1931 I wrote, speaking of the original American forest area,

> A squirrel might have leaped from bough to bough for a thousand miles and never seen a flicker of sunshine on the ground, so contiguous were the boughs and so dense the leafage.

Five years later, 1936, Stuart Chose published his interesting volume called "Rich Land, Poor Land," and speaking of the forest, he said,

> A squirrel might leap from bough to bough for a distance of a thousand miles and see scarcely a flicker of sunlight on the ground, so contiguous were the tree crowns and so dense the foliage.

There were no quotes, no attribution, no reference to the "Epic" in the bibliography, but so what? In your last issue Mr. S. G. Morley says, show him a couple of identical sentences and then he may believe in Miss du Maurier's having borrowed from the work of the Brazilian author. The above two sentences of four lines are practically identical but I do not accuse Chase of being a plagiarist. He had obviously read my book, but his and mine are wholly different in treatment. My sentence had apparently made an impression on him, but very likely when he wrote his he had entirely forgot mine. Our minds, if they are well-filled, are full of echoes.

So, looking at the matter either in the large or the small, is it not time that Miss du Maurier ceased to be accused; unless the whole controversy is a publisher's publicity stunt.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

Southport, Conn.

"It's the art of making designs in burnt-wood. I think it's called pornography."

SIR:—Re the controversy in the matter of Miss Du Maurier's "Rebecca" being plagiarized:

Why don't you ask the author? Granted that in the years that a plot is growing in the mind before reaching the written word, it may not be possible to trace every source of information, still Miss du Maurier should be able to tell whether she had ever read or heard of Miss Nabuco's work. Or has human dignity fallen so low that we hesitate to place credence in the word of a leading novelist?

Speaking of plagiarism, may I be so bold as to call to Miss Grant's attention the name of the famous and shameless English Plagiarist, Mr. William Shakespeare?

ESTHER M. ALGER.

Cleveland, Ohio

Discovering an Elephant

SIR:—This is to thank Mrs. Stern for the fine publicity given the Random House Juvenile Department [*SRL*, Dec. 6], and at the same time to ask if you will be good enough to correct the mistaken impression which your readers have undoubtedly formed regarding the "discovery" of Babar in this country. The fact is that Mrs. Lewis Gannett, Mr. Robert K. Haas, and Mr. Harrison Smith had as much —if not more—to do with the discovery of the immortal little elephant as I had, and I hope, therefore, that for the sake of giving credit where credit is due, you will print this letter.

LOUISE BONINO.

New York, N. Y.

Proofreading and Dr. Edman

SIR:—In my review of "Fountainheads of Freedom" by Professor Irwin Edman, I made a reference to proofreading. This was not intended to indicate that a slovenly job had been done. I merely wished to say that I thought a few mistakes could be emended. Since rather dire conclusions appear to have been drawn from the remark, I hope you will permit me to say that, on the whole, the editing was done with great care.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

New York, N. Y.

"Who Wrote This?"

SIR:—The story related by Katharine Dunlap in the current issue of *The Saturday Review,* and entitled "The Chateau Mystery," is "La grande Bretêche," by Honoré de Balzac, and is in Somerset Maugham's anthology "Tellers of Tales."

(MRS.) MARJORY H. NORTON.

In connection with the enquiry of William A. Sutton published in these columns for material concerning a biographical study of Sherwood Anderson, the correct address of Professor Sutton is The Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

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America Sings

OUR SINGING COUNTRY. Collected and Compiled by John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 411 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by LOUISE POUND

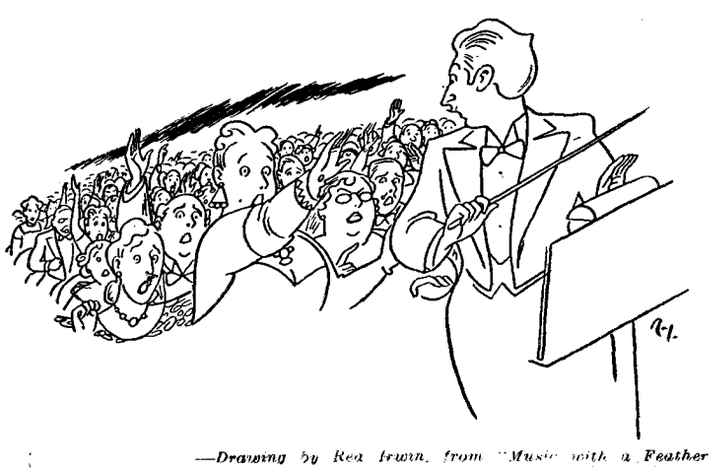
A CHANGE, refreshing by its novelty and robustness, from the sort of thing then monopolizing the attention of lovers of folksong was initiated as far back as 1910 by the "Cowboy Songs" of John A. Lomax of Texas. To it were prefixed introductions by Barrett Wendell of Harvard and President Theodore Roosevelt. Instead of looking as did others for survivals of Old World traditional ballads in America, Mr. Lomax brought into the horizon of folksong enthusiasts a mass of native or adapted pieces sung by southwestern cowboys. The book was a great success; indeed it became a sort of classic. In 1938 Mr. Lomax and his son Alan, both now associated with the Archive of Folksong in the Library of Congress, reissued it, supplying numerous additional texts, more musical scores, and grouping the songs. From them came also "American Ballads and Songs," a collection containing wholly new material, as well as ample representation of familiar material. Along with Carl Sandburg's "American Songbag," the texts for which were derived mostly from well-known collectors, this book takes a leading place among works available to lovers of that fascinating variety of lore, the popular song.

Indefatigable explorers of new fields, Lomax père et fils have now supplemented their preceding books by "Our Singing Country," which has an introduction by Archibald McLeish and a Music Preface by the pianist and composer Ruth Seeger, The latter edited the transcriptions made from field recordings on portable phonographs as the singers sang them, and she did careful and accurate work. The collaborating Lomaxes gathered their songs from Negroes, farmers, laborers, convicts, old age pensioners, sharecroppers, wandering singers, and their ilk, that is, from classes of persons who rely mainly on themselves for entertainment. Such songs make no pretense to power or beauty. They are interesting for their robust vividness and artless vigor, for the picturesque figures real or legendary whom they celebrate, and for the light they throw on the life of their singers. Here is something for every taste and mood, religious songs, social and dance songs, lullabies, gang songs—all these mostly from Negroes—sentimental songs, work songs, songs of outlaws and "bad men." A number of French texts from Louisiana are included also. The adventurer in folksong finds fresh pieces in the volume as well as fresh texts of familiar pieces, all these amassed by the Lomaxes. Heretofore most of their recordings were available only to those who could visit the Library of Congress, and sometimes even such persons could not have access to them. Their last volume is a supplementary one, but it sustains the reputation of the Lomaxes as ardent seekers and finders in the realm of American folksong.

Louise Pound, who is on the faculty of the University of Nebraska, is an outstanding authority on the American folk song.

Russian Poetry

In tune with the present interest in things Russian, the recent volume of "New Directions" devotes a large section to the recent poetry of Soviet Russia, from the pioneer modernist, Vladimir Mayakovsky, up to quite recent verse written about the battle with Germany. Translations from the work of some twenty leading Russian poets, essays on various aspects of Russian poetry, its relation to politics, the role of folklore in Russian poetry, make up the section.



—Drawing by Rea Irvin, from "Music with a Feather Duster."

Art of the Opera

THE OPERA. By Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1941. 562 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by NEWELL JENKINS

THIS book is an interesting account of the history of an art, told in an amusing fashion, with many little anecdotes. It ranges from the lives of the composers to anecdotes of performances; it contains an amazing amount of statistics and dates, and devotes a small section to the private stage history of almost every major opera. Perhaps its most valuable section is the final compilation of recommended recordings, which is surprisingly complete.

"The Opera" is essentially a book for the layman. It is not a pedantic history, and seems to be written for the type of audience that frequents the Metropolitan Opera House. Its most serious fault seems to be the personal judgments of the authors on the relative value of different works. Because a man is not on the roster of a major opera company, there is no need to relegate him to the ash-pile of "twilight yesterdays." There are certain inexplicable omissions and equally inexplicable inclusions, both as to composers lightly passed over and others completely ignored. It is a book which looks happily into the past and ignores the possibilities in the future, nor does it hint at a solution for the problems of sound operatic growth in this country. In closing, one must admit however that "The Opera" is the most complete and authoritative account of that art yet published in this country.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. A robin, in "The Death and Burial of Cock Robin."
2. "The Raven," by Edgar Allan Poe.
3. Captain Flint, the parrot, in "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
4. An albatross, in "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge.
5. The roc, in Sindbad's second voyage, from "The Arabian Nights."
6. "The Owl and the Pussycat," by Edward Lear.
7. Grip, the raven, in "Barnaby Rudge," by Charles Dickens.
8. "The Bluebird," by Maurice Maeterlinck.
9. A tom-tit, in Ko-Ko's song from "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert.
10. The Jubjub bird, in "The Hunting of the Snark," by Lewis Carroll.

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The Vichy Spirit

THE DEVIL IN FRANCE: My Encounter with Him in the Summer of 1940. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated from the German by Elizabeth Abbott. New York: The Viking Press. 1941. 265 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

LION FEUCHTWANGER, one of the great novelists of our time, has set out to tell what befell him in France where he spent several months in concentration camps because he was an "enemy alien." (And yet he had been fighting Hitlerism for many years in his own country and later in exile.) He was put to forced labor, he suffered many hardships, he fell sick, he tried to escape, he was finally rescued by friends.

Lion Feuchtwanger met the Devil in these days. But it was rather a friendly, polite Devil, "the Devil of Untidiness, of Unthoughtfulness, of Sloth in Good-will, of Convention, of Routine." Now in New York, the author emphasizes: "My delight in God has not lessened but my fear of the Devil has." And he says: "Had I not been thinking always of the ludicrous aspects of my own plight, or of the plight of the others, I could not have survived that depressing, degrading experience without spiritual harm." This wise philosophy makes "The Devil in France" the most human, moving account of Gallic prison life, and a document of lasting value.

The author confesses that he has not the slightest comprehension of that "barbaric turmoil in which all of us are writhing." So he confines himself to describing as sincerely as possible what he has been through. But it is not the vivid description which makes this book important. It is the man himself and how he lived through this experience. He tells us of the secret law which determines his life, reveals an exceptionally emotional insight in nature, and draws magnificent and unforgettable sketches of prison life and his fellow prisoners. And he discovers with every passing day that the outcome of our present ordeal becomes less doubtful.

Pondering about his emotions Feuchtwanger thinks what saw him through was his fundamental laziness, his lack of imagination. This sounds rather strange for a writer of a dozen books like "The Oppermans" and "Josephus." It shows to what degree the horrible weeks in internment have changed him. He became humble, modest, and grateful for anything that came his way.

He does not blame the French people for the ghastly conditions in Le Mille where he slept in an abandoned brickyard which reminded him of a catacomb.

Many chapters of that stirring book read like a fantastic novel. The suicide of Walter Hasenclever, one of the founders of expressionism, the story of Feuchtwanger's train trip to Bayonne and the hideous, torturing journey back to Nimes within range of Hitler's armies are told by a master of style and psychology.

When France was defeated Mr. Feuchtwanger was told that the French had agreed to hand over to the Nazis all Germans whom the Nazis "wanted." He knew he was at the mercy of his Commandant. What should he do? He was not a man of action. But he believed in moral courage. So he decided to stay. After all his experiences with French officials he still believed in French honour and hospitality. Like an Olympian he waited in that "Breughel's hell which was our camp" till friends brought him out of the reach of the Devil in France.

We have here a remarkable book because it is written by a remarkable man. Great men usually are detached and fair on subjects fertile with prejudice. Among the works Lion Feuchtwanger has given to the world this is the most personal and most intimate but also the most thoughtful. In a future day it might be regarded as a classic example how to write a personal story; always from a personal point of view, not driven and tossed around by unknown forces, but standing above the events of the day.

Behind barbed wire: This photograph of Lion Feuchtwanger (facing camera) in a French concentration camp was taken by a fellow interne.

Espionage and Counter-Espionage

THE V PLAN. By Graham Seton. New York: Smith & Durrell. 1941. 386 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

THE V plan, let it be clear from the start, has very little to do with the "V for Victory campaign." Perhaps it is not the author's fault that the title is misleading; but it places his adventure yarn under a certain handicap right from the beginning. The reader expects to find the birth, growth, and effects of the famous "V" campaign, and, instead, he encounters a fantastic project to join Britain and France by a subterranean tunnel. He also encounters a tale of espionage, counter-espionage, German officers disguised as Alsatian painters and French deputies, openly corrupted and traitorous. Setting is the pre-war France, an ideal background for any story in the Alfred Hitchcock vein.

Seton knows France well. His figures are plausible, his plot acceptable, and the tense atmosphere of Europe before the war can be sensed throughout. He seems to be especially at home in the British Foreign Offices and the bureaus of the Intelligence Service. He is too much at home there, one is tempted to say. He indulges in descriptions of the bureaucracy behind the scenes; his narrative becomes lengthy, and he enjoys too much the clipped phrases, the cool understatements of the Big Men in British Espionage. His hero, Colonel Grant, has not the dash of John Buchan's unforgettable Richard Hannay. In fact, the "Green Mantle," written in 1917, dealing with World War I, has more speed, action, and punch than this story, written in 1941. Buchan wrote more carelessly; there is no research apparent behind his thrillers. But it seems to be a law of adventure stories that too much research, reasoning, and philosophy adulterates their flavor. Graham Seton's Colonel Grant explains the political situation in Daladier's France with a thoroughness worthy of a professor of economics. There is also a love story, well woven into the plot, which finally gets out of hand. The French girl, who falls in love with the intriguing German officer disguised as painter, changes her mind quickly and turns her affection to the dullish son of Colonel Grant, as soon as the war breaks out. This forces the author into the depths of psychology, and thus again he slows down the pace of the narrative. It is certainly good to encounter unusual heroes in a story of this type, to get away from hackneyed formulas, but it is also dangerous to elaborate on the characters until they resemble people in a psychological novel.

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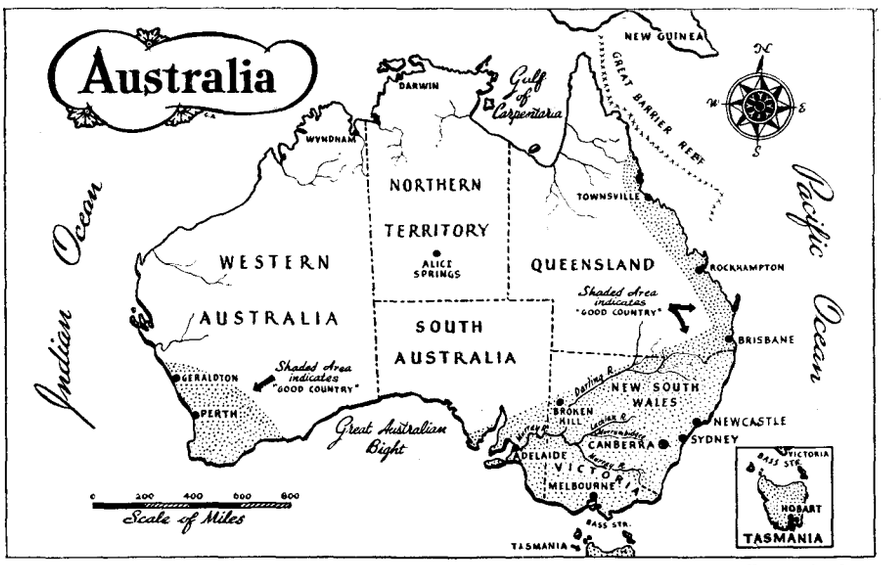

—*From the book.*

Pacific Commonwealth

INTRODUCING AUSTRALIA. *By C. Hartley Grattan. New York: John Day.* 327 *pp. with index.* 1942.

Reviewed by R. RANDLE ELLIOTT

JAPAN'S lightning strokes in the Pacific have thrust the Commonwealth of Australia into a position of great importance in Anglo-American world strategy—as a source of man-power and supplies close to the Far Eastern fighting lines, a base of operations, and a bastion in the democracies' vast defense line from Singapore through the southern islands to Hawaii.

The publication of Mr. Grattan's introduction to the Sixth Continent is therefore very timely. It should not be inferred, however, that it was whipped up overnight to capitalize on a public's passing fancy. This is a thoughtful, searching study produced after the author had made several tours of investigation down under, conversed with Australians of all ranks, and read widely in Australian letters.

The reader is introduced to the history of the Commonwealth, to its topography and climate, its flora and fauna, its industry and trade, its music and art. There are even some notes on what Australians eat and how they swear! But Mr. Grattan's chief interest is in the Australian people and their ways of thinking, their modes of organizing their society, and their outlook on the world.

Inherent in Australia's political and social thought is a fundamental dualism—a constant struggle between the influence of the nation's cultural heritage and the forces of environment. Since ninety-eight per cent of the population are of British stock, the dominion's natural tendencies have been to follow England's lead. Yet in the process of pioneering a continent in the south Pacific, Australians have developed the same attitudes of independence and self-reliance which characterize Americans. A synthesis of these influences has not always come easily, but Australia has on the whole achieved a successful and fruitful blending.

The author devotes much attention to the trades union movement, "the most powerful single organized force in the Australian community." Having obtained power, labor has also accepted a large measure of responsibility. In the labor court system, for example, the unions submit their disputes with management to judicial decision. Other nations with capital-labor problems may well study the Australian experiment.

"Introducing Australia" is a remarkably complete survey presented in terms understandable to Americans. Mr. Grattan's approach is objective, a far cry from the tendentiousness he displayed in "The Deadly Parallel." This year and for some years to come, this book should be a standard work on contemporary Australia.

Miss Buck and the Book-of-the-Month

Of all the authors whose books have been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, Pearl Buck has been most favored. Five of her novels have been previous books-of-the-month, and now a sixth, "Dragon Seed," has just been chosen. And these editorial choices have been supported by the sales and the public approval of the books. "The truth is," declares Harry Scherman, president of the Club, "the books of well-known authors have to run a tougher gauntlet with our judges than those by obscure writers. After all, they have to measure up to the high standards they have themselves set."

"Fabulous" Hawaii

PARADISE LIMITED. By Thomas Blake Clark. New York: Modern Age Books. 1941. 299 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

THIS delightful book, subtitled "An Informal History of the Fabulous Hawaiians," has succeeded in a difficult office, that of making us understand the Hawaiians as kindred people and not exotics. It is informal, humorous, intimate, displaying frankly the naiveté, the amorality, as well as the sterling qualities of the folk who ate most of Captain Cook in 1778. It is largely anecdotal, spun from old wives' yarns and sailors' diaries which may not be dependable but surely reflect valuable impressions of the good old days when the law was passed forbidding men to sleep with their women in the streets, when Captain Kotzebue was clutched by the colossal queen whose colossal pet pig required two attendants to lift it to its feet, when Captain Gardiner was chewed by a whale and spat out alive. The whalers on horseback go whooping through these pages, the ex-convicts sell shoes at so much per squeak, the native girls swim their carnal favors to the sailors on shipboard, Mark Twain mocks and loves the islands, Brannan and his twenty-four adventurers try to overthrow the monarchy, and the Duke of Edinburgh scuffs barefoot through the sand with a lass on each arm.

But the book is by no means frivolous. The development of Hawaiian industries, the fight towards statehood, the tragedy of racial absorption, are intelligently discussed between chapters of amusing gossip. The author has evidently reconstructed many scenes and conversations to fit his narrative, but they do fit perfectly and should trouble none but the most captious historian. He has dealt fairly with missionary, trader and politician, and the scandal he reports is rarely in poor taste. His book should be of interest not only to travel readers but to all who like vital characters, real or fictive, in a dramatic setting.

Short Short Prize

"Clouds of Glory," a short story by John D. Weaver, author of a coming first novel, "Wind before Rain," has won the *Atlantic Monthly's* $1,000 contest for the best short story by writers in their twenties. Mr. Weaver's story was selected from a list of entries running to 1,118 manuscripts. He is a former feature-writer for the *Kansas City Star.*

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Ex Libris Sherlock Holmes

HOWARD COLLINS

"THERE is a great garret in my little house which is stuffed with books," wrote Sherlock Holmes some years after he had retired from his unique career as a consulting detective and withdrawn to his small cottage in the Sussex Downs.[1]

How delightful it would be to spend an afternoon browsing through that attic! We should prefer a stormy day, such as so frequently occurred in Baker Street, when "the wind screamed and the rain beat against the windows and the elemental forces shrieked at mankind through the bars of his civilization, like untamed beasts in a cage."

First of all we would inspect the many volumes of commonplace books (a most inept label) into which at infrequent intervals Holmes pasted newspaper clippings concerning past cases and crimes and personalities that interested him. "For many years," Dr. Watson tells us in "A Scandal in Bohemia," "he had adopted a system of docketing all paragraphs concerning men and things, so that it was difficult to name a subject or person on which he could not at once furnish information." [2]

It is quite probable that only Holmes could have located the information at once, for the system was, to say the least, irregular. Under V, for example, although we could readily locate Vittoria, the circus belle; Vanderbilt and the Yeggman; vipers; Vigor, the Hammersmith wonder; and vampires, both of Hungary and Transylvania, it would be distinctly surprising to find under the same letter the voyage of the "Gloria Scott"; Victor Lynch, the forger; and venemous lizard or gila.[3]

On at least one occasion this remarkable filing system confused even Holmes himself, for, when a landlady consulted him about an unusual lodger named Mrs. Ronder, Sherlock "threw himself with fierce energy upon a pile of common-place books in the corner and for a few moments there was a constant swish of the leaves" before he finally found her listed under Abbas Parva, the small Berkshire village where the lady had undergone a horrible experience.[4]

Another collection of clippings which might be of considerable interest would be the great book in which, day by day, he filed the agony column of the great London journals. "Bleat, unmitigated bleat!" he once described them to Watson, but he kept them, all the same, and very useful too they proved to be in "The Adventure of the Red Circle" and no doubt many other cases as well.

Perhaps of even more interest than the commonplace books would be the small case book which he kept locked in his desk. It is mentioned only once, on the occasion when the terrified Helen Stoner called early one morning in April, 1883.[5] Miss Stoner had mentioned getting Sherlock's address from Mrs. Farintosh, whom he had helped in the hour of her sore need.

"Farintosh," said Holmes, consulting the case book. "Ah, yes, I recall the case; it was concerned with an opal tiara. I think it was before your time, Watson.[6] I can only say, madam, that I shall be happy to devote the same care to your case as I did to that of your friend."

What, one wonders, was recorded in that case book which made up Sherlock's mind? If, as is likely, it was a private record of fees received, there should be some fascinating evidence of his shake-down of the official police and his shady revenue from the case of Silver Blaze, as ingeniously suggested by Mr. R. K. Leavitt in "Nummi in Arca, or The Fiscal Holmes." [7] Sherlock's diary[8] was probably kept in that same locked desk.

A GREAT many of the books in that Sussex attic are of course reference books, most of them now out-of-date and having little but association value.

There is, for instance, at least the first volume of the gazetteer just being published at the time of "The Sign of the Four," in which Holmes discovered the traits of the Andaman Islanders and thus the identity of Jonathan Small's strange companion. This is not to be confused with the "Continental Gazetteer," by consulting which Holmes was able to deduce the nationality of his distinguished visitor of "A Scandal in Bohemia" even before that gentleman made his appearance. The clue, you will recall, was the water-mark of the mill which manufactured the paper on which His Highness's note of appointment was written.

Then, too, we would probably find the "American Encyclopedia," so full of information about the Ku Klux Klan and so reticent about the nicknames of the States of the Union.[9]

It is recorded in "The Noble Bachelor" that Holmes kept a row of reference books in a shelf beside the mantel-piece. The red-covered volume in which he looked up Lord St. Simon must have been either "Who's Who" or "Burke's Peerage." Several of these books contained a write-up of Professor Moriarty with a mention of his £700 salary.[10]

Another volume frequently in use was "Bradshaw's Railway Guide." [11] The current yellow-covered "Whitaker's Almanac" was undoubtedly on that shelf, the back numbers being stored in a cupboard.[12] And probably on the shelf below was the encyclopedia of reference, in whose volume H was the Duke of Holdernesse.[13]

It was not, by the way, until June, 1902, that Holmes acquired a telephone, and with it, naturally, a telephone directory.[14]

Very useful for reference purposes also were the maps, of which Holmes had a considerable collection. In "The Bruce-Partington Plans" he spread out his big map of London ("It is a hobby of mine to have an exact knowledge of London." [15]) and noted with an exclamation of satisfaction that the residence of Hugo Oberstein abutted upon the Underground, which fact demonstrated how the body of Cadogan West was placed on top of a subway train. He also acquired ordnance maps of the Priory School neighborhood and the environs of Baskerville Hall, and in "The Boscombe Valley Mystery" he found it necessary to purchase a map of the Colony of Victoria. Nor can we overlook the one-penny pamphlet entitled "The History of Birlstone Manor," which provided him with some essential information in "The Valley of Fear."

PRESUMABLY Sherlock's own publications were all represented upon the shelves. There was, for instance, the monograph "Upon the Distinction between the Ashes of the Various To-

1. *"The Lion's Mane."*
2. *"A Scandal in Bohemia."*
3. *"The Sussex Vampire."*
4. *"The Veiled Lodger."*
5. *"The Speckled Band."*
6. *But if it was before Watson's time, how did she get the Baker Street address? Elementary! The case was begun before Watson and Holmes met, and the bill was rendered after the case was completed, by which time Holmes had moved to Baker St.*
7. *"Starrett: 221 B."*
8. *"The Blanched Soldier."*
9. *"The Five Orange Pips."*
10. *"The Valley of Fear."*
11. *"The Copper Beeches."*
12. *"The Valley of Fear."*
13. *"The Priory School."*
14. *"The Three Garridebs."*
15. *"The Red-Headed League."*

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baccoes," in which he enumerated 140 forms of cigar, cigarette, and pipe tobacco, with colored plates illustrating the difference in the ash. Another one was "Upon the Tracing of Footsteps," with some remarks upon the uses of plaster of Paris as a preserver of impresses. Still another was "Upon the Influence of a Trade upon the Form of the Hand," with lithotypes of the hands of slaters, sailors, cork-cutters, compositors, weavers, and diamond-polishers.[16] Incidentally, Sherlock could also tell a weaver by his tooth and a compositor by his left thumb.[17]

In "The Hound of the Baskervilles," Holmes not only mentions his monograph on the dating of documents but also demonstrates his ability by estimating at a glance the date of the ancient Baskerville document within twelve years. Some years later we find him engaged with a powerful lens deciphering the original inscription upon a palimpsest,[18] and in the following year pursuing some laborious researches in early English charters.[19]

"I have made a small study of tattoo marks," says Holmes in "The Red-Headed League," "and have even contributed to the literature of the subject." Thus he knew that the fish tattooed on Jabez Wilson's wrist could have been done only in China because of the delicate pink of the fish scales.

In "The Dancing Men" he asserts: "I am fairly familiar with all forms of secret writings, and am myself the author of a trifling monograph upon the subject, in which I analyze 160 separate ciphers."

Holmes also contributed two short monographs to the *Anthropological Journal* upon variations in the shape of the human ear,[20] and was the author of a magazine article, quite early in his career, on the science of deduction and analysis entitled "The Book of Life."[21]

Not long after taking up the hobby of medieval music he had printed for private circulation a monograph "Upon the Polyphonic Motets of Lassus," a work said by experts to be the last word upon the subject.[22]

Talked about but not definitely written according to the Watson saga were several other monographs. An essay on the typewriter and its relation to crime was suggested by the sixteen characteristics of the machine on which Mr. Windibank wrote love letters to his step-daughter.[23] In 1897, while vacationing on the Cornish peninsula, Holmes endeavored to trace the Chaldean origin of the ancient Cornish language and in so doing added to his library a consignment of books on philology.[24] He once had serious thoughts of writing an article about the uses of dogs in the work of the detective, in which the subtle parallel between the characters of dogs and their owners would be emphasized.[25] Malingering was still another subject on which he contemplated writing.[26]

Perhaps all of these subjects will be taken up if Holmes ever gets around to writing "The Whole Art of Detection," a one-volume text book to which he once expected to devote his declining years.[27] But Holmes is an octogenarian already, a hermit among his bees and his books, and so this great work may never be written. It may have been a confession of his abandonment of the project when he declared that his "Practical Handbook of Bee Culture, with Some Observations on the Segregation of the Queen" (a small blue volume with a gold-lettered title) was the *magnum opus* of his later years.[28]

BUT not all of the volumes with which that Sussex attic is stuffed are reference books. Holmes had a well-rounded taste in reading, acquired during his university days. During the long vacation of his last year, it will be recalled, he visited the home of Victor Trevor, one of his few college acquaintances. Some years later, while reminiscing to Watson about this visit,[29] he mentions that the elder Trevor had "a small but select library." That the library had been taken over from a former occupant accounted, no doubt, for the fact that its owner "knew hardly any books."

To a book lover this expression is significant.

Certain it is that Holmes was able to converse authoritatively and entertainingly upon a variety of subjects. "I am an omnivorous reader," he once remarked, "with a strangely retentive memory for trifles."[30]

"Holmes could talk exceedingly well when he chose," says Dr. Watson, and, at the merry meal preceding the break-neck chase down the Thames after Jonathan Small and his savage companion, Sherlock was brilliant. "He spoke on a quick succession of subjects—on miracle plays, on medieval pottery, on Stradivarius violins, on the Buddhism of Ceylon, and on the warships of the future—handling each as though he had made a special study of it."

On another occasion, after tea on a summer evening, the conversation between Holmes and Watson roamed from golf clubs to the causes of the change in the obliquity of the ecliptic and finally to the question of atavism and hereditary aptitudes.[31]

Perhaps a good meal was inspiring, for in "The Cardboard Box" Watson recalls: "We had a pleasant little meal together, during which Holmes would talk about nothing but violins, narrating with great exultation how he had purchased his own Stradivarius, which was worth at least five hundred guineas, at a Jew broker's in Tottenham Court Row for fifty-five shillings. This led him to Paganini, and we sat for an hour over a bottle of claret while he told me anecdote after anecdote of that extraordinary man."

Further evidence of Sherlock's wide reading may be deduced from the ease and frequency with which he quotes from and alludes to the classics. In "The Noble Bachelor," for example, he mentions Thoreau's famous remark on circumstantial evidence. In "A Case of Identity" he recognizes a quotation from Balzac in one of Hosmer Angel's letters. In "The Sussex Vampire" he alludes to Grimm's fairy tales, and in "The Boscombe Valley Mystery" he takes time out from clue chasing to talk of George Meredith. On various other occasions he alludes to or quotes from Keats, Boswell, Isaac Watts, Longfellow, Cuvier, and Darwin. Again in "A Case of Identity" we find him comparing Hafiz and Horace, while in "The Sign of the Four" he compares Jean Paul Richter and Carlyle so authoritatively that there can be no question about whether or not he was spoofing Watson in the first days of their association when he declared that he had never heard of the British sage.[32]

16. *"The Sign of the Four."*
17. *"The Copper Beeches."*
18. *"The Golden Pince-Nez."*
19. *"The Three Students."*
20. *"The Cardboard Box."*
21. *"A Study in Scarlet."*
22. *"The Bruce-Partington Plans."*
23. *"A Case of Identity."*
24. *"The Devil's Foot."*
25. *"The Creeping Man."*
26. *"The Dying Detective." Sherlock's proficiency in the art was effectively demonstrated in this case when he went three days without food and water in order to simulate an obscure Sumatra fever. In "The Reigate Puzzle" he threw a fit which completely fooled Dr. Watson, and in "The Resident Patient" he states that he has successfully imitated catalepsy.*
27. *"The Abbey Grange." Other topics include bicycle tires ("I am familiar with forty-two impressions left by tires," he says in "The Priory School"), type face ("one of the most elementary branches of knowledge to the special expert in crime"), and perfumes. ("There are seventy-five perfumes which it is very necessary that a criminal expert should be able to distinguish from each other," he declares in "The Hound of the Baskervilles.")*
28. *"His Last Bow."*
29. *"The Gloria Scott."*
30. *"The Lion's Mane."*
31. *"The Greek Interpreter."*
32. *"A Study in Scarlet." Holmes also claimed complete ignorance of the composition of the solar system, but in "The Bruce-Partington Plans" he compares his brother Mycroft's visit to a planet leaving its orbit, and in "The Greek Interpreter" he discusses the ecliptic.*

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That Sherlock knew his Shakespeare is evident not only from his frequent quoting of the bard but especially in his happy paraphrase from "Henry V" when, in "The Adventure of the Three Students," he mentions that the landlady "babbled of green peas."

On the other hand, his Biblical knowledge, as he himself admitted, was a trifle rusty, though it enabled him to clear up a mysterious point in "The Crooked Man. The rustiness is more apparent in "The Copper Beeches" when he cries impatiently, "Data! data! data! I can't make bricks without clay!" [33] It would appear from the first chapter of "The Valley of Fear" that a Bible was not one of the volumes in the Holmes library. In trying to determine what commonly-used double-columned book might have been employed in the Porlock cipher message, Watson suggests the Bible. "Good," admits Holmes, "but not good enough. Even if I accepted the compliment for myself, I could hardly name any volume which would be less likely to lie at the elbow of one of Moriarty's associates."

Sherlock's reading was by no means restricted to one language. Frequently we find him quoting French, German, and Latin. At the conclusion of "A Case of Identity," for instance, he quotes from Flaubert; in "The Sign of the Four," on two occasions, from Goethe; and, at the end of "A Study in Scarlet," from Horace. It was in the latter story, too, that he purchased a queer old book, "De Jure inter Gentes," published in Latin in 1642.

IT is a pleasant picture that Watson paints of Sherlock "buried among his old books" [34] and indulging in periods of lethargy "during which he would lie about with his violin and his books, hardly moving from the sofa to the table." [35]

No doubt his reading varied with his moods: one day a thoughtful perusal of Winwood Reade's "Martyrdom of Man;" [36] another day a pleasant browsing through "Out of Doors," a little chocolate and silver volume by the famous observer, J. G. Wood;[37] and still another in a scornful analysis of Poe's sketches or the works of Gaboriau.[38]

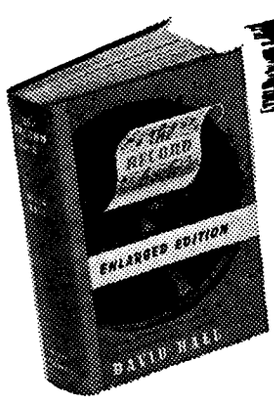
And it is an obvious deduction that, in the course of studying the personality of Professor Moriarty, he had read that scholar's "Treatise on the Binomial Theorum," which had a European vogue and won for its author the mathematics chair at one of the smaller universities,[39] as well as "The Dynamics of an Asteroid," a book which ascended to such rarefied heights of pure mathematics that it was said there was no man in the scientific press capable of criticizing it. [40]

Equally erudite items in the Holmes library were the quartet of volumes which served as props when he made his famous "return" in the guise of an elderly and deformed bibliophile. They were "The Origin of Tree Worship," "British Birds," "Catullus," and "The Holy War," and their bulk was great enough that they might have filled the untidy gap on Watson's bookshelf if he had bought them.

AND what of Watson's reading? His books, we are told in "The Resident Patient" and again in "The Cardboard Box," were kept separate from Sherlock's, on a shelf beneath the unframed portrait of Henry Ward Beecher. Many of them were, of course, medical books and periodicals. Watson apparently kept up with his profession even when not pursuing it, for in 1887 he plunges furiously into the latest treatise on pathology in an effort to keep from thinking about the dazzling Mary Morstan,[41] and in 1894 we note that he is reading a recent treatise on surgery.[42] He also bought the annual medical directory,[43] subscribed to the British Medical Journal,[44] and undoubtedly was one of the few purchasers of Dr. Percy Trevelyan's monograph upon obscure nervous lesions which won the Bruce Pinkerton prize at King's College Hospital.[45]

It would not be too surprising to find in Watson's collection a pocket edition of the "Decameron" with the name of Joseph Stangerson upon the fly-leaf—a souvenir of the Enoch Drebber murder.[46] Perhaps it was from that volume, and from the romances, typified by those mentioned above, that the shy doctor acquired his experience of women which extended over many nations and three separate continents.[47]

33. *"Exodus V 7." "Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick."*
34. *"A Scandal in Bohemia."*
35. *"The Musgrave Ritual."*
36. *"The Sign of the Four."*
37. *"The Lion's Mane."*
38. *"A Study in Scarlet."*
39. *"The Final Problem."*
40. *"The Valley of Fear."*
41. *"The Sign of the Four."*
42. *"The Golden Pince-Nez."*
43. *"The Hound of the Baskervilles."*
44. *"The Stockbroker's Clerk."*
45. *"The Resident Patient."*
46. *"A Study in Scarlet."*
47. *"The Sign of the Four."*



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RADIO GOES TO WAR

(*Continued from page 4*)

where he is climbing," says the British radio, quoting Oliver Cromwell.

> Every German victory widens the areas that can be attacked. There is the eternal danger of a violent war at sea, in the air, and on land. And from within, there is the constantly growing resistance, at once open and underground, of those sullen and invisible soldiers who are preparing the European revolution.

The forms the literature of the blackout takes are many and varied. British radio has shown astonishing thoroughness in slanting programs for the different sections of its German-speaking audience. There are broadcasts at dawn designed for workers getting ready to set out for the factory, and in the afternoon for the middle classes, civil servants, and intellectuals. Two talks a week deal specifically with labor problems, and once a week a talk is directed to peasants. The German forces have their special programs in which music and propaganda are skilfully interwoven. There are special programs for the Austrians and others in the dialects of Berlin and of the Rhineland. In most of these broadcasts the names of prisoners are read, four or five at a time at the middle or toward the end, as a bait for listeners. After the sinking of the *Bismarck*, the BBC broadcast the names of the survivors, fifteen each day.

One of the most telling propaganda devices used in this war has been the BBC's practice of playing snatches from recordings of speeches by Hitler, Goering, and Goebbels, to prove the men liars by their own words. Hitler is heard predicting the immediate defeat of England. "That was eighteen months ago," the announcer adds gleefully, "but England is still going strong." "Hitler promised there would be no second winter of war, remember?"

Dramatization, perhaps the most powerful way of appealing to the emotions, has been skilfully exploited by the BBC in programs ranging from an amusing parody of the Cologne Carnival—complete with fanfares, music, and all the appropriate sound effects—to the gripping serial *Vormarsch der Freiheit*, a sort of March of Time which dramatizes the struggle against Nazism. One deeply moving episode in the *Vormarsch* has depicted the trial of Belgian civilians before a German court-martial; another has reconstructed the raid on the Lofoten Islands; a third has presented a life of Mr. Churchill.

Then there are the folksy, informal dialogues that quietly put across some telling propaganda thrusts. There is Frau Wernicke, the Berlin washerwoman, who has never become a Nazi. She chatters in the shopping queues or in an air raid shelter and innocently makes fools of the Nazis with their own arguments. Her indiscretions landed her in a concentration camp for a while; but the BBC saw fit to have her released and she is back on the air again in splendid form.

Another regular "character" of the BBC's German-language transmissions is lance-corporal Adolf Hirnschal who, in letters to his "beloved wife Amalia," exposes the simple doubts, fears, and grouses of the common soldier.

There are also "Kurt and Willi"—Kurt Kruger, a naive schoolmaster, and Willi Schimaski, a hard-boiled official from the Propaganda Ministry—who meet regularly for a drink and a chat at their favorite cafe near the Potsdamer Platz. Kurt is one of those Germans who innocently swallow the Party "line," but is disillusioned at every turn by the cynical Willi.

What of the voices that carry Britain's message to the German people? Most of them are anonymous; they are the voices of political exiles who before the outbreak of war had been forced to flee the wrath of the Nazis. But a number of the BBC's German speakers have been distinguished Englishmen of left-wing views—liberal intellectuals, trades union leaders, and Labor M.P.'s. One of the hardest-hitting regular spokesmen on these transmissions is Lindley Fraser, professor of Political Economy at the University of Aberdeen and former visiting fellow of Princeton University and Brookings Institute in Washington, D. C. Thomas Mann writes a monthly program for this service. Vincent Sheean has broadcast several times during visits to London; Quentin Reynolds has addressed a talk to "Schicklgruber," and then followed it up with another to "Schicklgruber's gabby little man, Goebbels."

United States international radio stations, too, are contributing their share to the literature of the blackout. And in response to the hundred-million-odd words a year they broadcast come a flood of letters—some pathetic, some heroic, all desperately grateful.

Most mail from Europe carries the same plea: "Don't forget us. It's so good to hear your words of cheer." A letter smuggled out of Germany declares: "Most Germans listen to foreign reports and not to those here. We are just as uninformed as in the Middle Ages. The impudence with which they lie is unbelievable." Even from Poland, where all normal communication with the outside world is forbidden, Red Cross post cards, with the printed words "I am well," have reached United States stations to show the writer is still listening.

Thus democratic radio, by keeping alive the literature of freedom in the blackout, has become the spearhead of a democratic victory and the savior of conquered Europe.

This article is a preview of "Radio Goes to War," by Charles G. Rolo, to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
HERE LIES THE BODY *Richard Bunce* (Putnam: $2.)	Tough Manhattan detective, on bodyguard duty in Conn., encounters corpse in private cemetery—and then things begin to pop.	Quinny Hites's genuine detecting fortunately over-balances rather spurious wise-cracking in tale that has plenty of pulsating passages.	Average
SILENT ARE THE DEAD *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.)	Boston news-photographer Casey uncovers, with gun and camera, strange reasons for death of ex-D.A., etc.	Some stream-lined gangster stuff, a well-oiled and swiftly moving plot, crackling conversation, and exceptionally good finish.	Good
DEATH WORE ROSES *Charles Saxby* (Dutton: $2.)	Frail Cal. newspaperman sleuth Johnny Dane, who keeps going on nerve and brain, solves two fantastic slayings.	Coast rose festival, and murder of "queen," handled in skilful mixture of color and satire. Action plentiful and detecting high grade.	High class

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Artist between Wars

THE AMERICAN ARTIST AND HIS TIMES. By Homer Saint-Gaudens. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1941. 323 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by FRANK CASPERS

LIEUTENANT Colonel Homer Saint-Gaudens, the Army's top camouflage expert, is, between wars, the genial, modestly erudite fine arts director of Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute. In that capacity he has for twenty years browsed through the nation's studios and galleries, and has made annual trips abroad to hand-pick exhibits for the Institute's renowned international shows. The Colonel's knowledge of contemporary art, in consequence, is an intimate one, gathered at first hand. And so too is his knowledge of the great artists of the turn-of-the-century, most of whom he knew as visitors to his famous sculptor-father's studios in Paris and New York.

Saint-Gaudens's book is engagingly informal; it has much of the vivid immediacy of autobiography, and is enlivened by flavorsome reminiscences. He begins far back with the bleak, stiff-laced pioneer days when art had to grub for a living along with the early settlers. It was a hard-surfaced art, cramped, stiff, unadorned, a part of its era, and (Saint-Gaudens contends) should be judged as such. One of the few things in the world to nettle him is the current vogue for lifting these early "primitives" (and their latter-day counterparts) to an over-exalted status.

Moving on into the last half of the eighteenth century, during which colonial art acquired sophistication and the beginnings of a tradition (much of it imported from England), he proceeds to show how money and leisure brought a measure of graciousness to life, and puritanical restrictions on literature, music, and art began to fade. Replacing the austerity of the early primitives were portraits of such gracious life-likeness that in an exhibition, George Washington was caught bowing absentmindedly to the young man pictured in Charles Willson Peale's "Staircase Group." West, Stuart, and Copley constitute this period's most acclaimed trinity.

With America's tremendous expansion in the nineteenth century came corresponding expansion, complexity, and progress in art. Landscape made its initial appearance in American art, as did the first nude (John Vanderlyn's *Ariadne*). Falling within, and lending maturity to these decades were Sully, Inness, and Samuel F. B. Morse of telegraph fame.

Between 1893 and 1913 industry drew abreast of agriculture, creating new wealth, which patronized both domestic and imported art. The country began to settle down into something with a flavor of its own; Eakins, Ryder, and Winslow Homer, unlike in everything except their independence from European traditions, began laying the cornerstone of an essentially native art. The "Ash Can" artists of 1908, deserting tradition-scented studios, painted in the streets, alleys, and saloons of bustling America.

Then the Armory Show of 1913 set off a chain of explosions, echoes of which still rumble through the art world. After that direction-changing milestone, Saint-Gaudens writes, "our painting field became a battleground for the irregular trajectories of modernistic and academic ideas."

The battle still rages. To the confusion of the older issues have been added the social protesters, the surrealists, the neo-romantics, the abstractionists. Except for an admitted blindspot for abstract painting ("I toss them off as mere moronic art bubbles"), Saint-Gaudens proves a seasoned, reasonable guide. If his account is neither comprehensive nor precisely patterned, it is because the first is physically impossible in one volume, and the second must await the sifting of time.

Frank Caspers is managing editor of The Art Digest.

Artist Growing Up

THUS FAR, The Growth of an American Artist. By Harry Wickey. New York: American Artists Group. 1941. 303 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

WITH a change of names and places, Harry Wickey's story could be the struggle of innumerable Americans to become artists. His easy conversational way of telling it underscores this American pattern: an Ohio small-town childhood two generations removed from pioneers; fragmentary art instruction in the hours left from shoving Union Square passengers into elevated trains; a largely self-made education in music and literature; words of encouragement from Bellows, Zigrosser, and Henri; an interlude with the American Expeditionary Forces; post-war life in New York among artists who first scorned modernism and then found its probing of structure useful; a term of teaching; a Guggenheim fellowship to do sculpture; coöperation with other artists to find a public for the drawings and prints made on Ohio farms and at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. The Harry Wickey of 1941 is a tolerant, easy-going, and self-reliant fellow with an appropriate philosophy of living. Wickey's art, in those two hundred and fifty illustrations, is naturalism grounded in sure craftsmanship and flavored with a lively sense of the specific character of people and places. Avoiding extremes, he believes "a work is sentimental when its literary implications are stronger than its plastic content," and on the other hand, that many modern works are "frozen by theory or spiritually waterlogged by esthetics."

Wickey's contribution to the philosophy of art is modest indeed, and his life story, his aphorisms, and the pictorial summary of his activity included in this volume asked for briefer and more selective treatment. This is the fifth book published by the American Artists Group in the praiseworthy effort to let the artist put himself on record while he lives. The slimmer monographs of the Whitney Museum series, and the Hyperion picture-books with a minimum of text and large-scale reproductions, suggest a more appropriate and useful way of introducing the American artist to his fellow-Americans.

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TRADE WINDS

1942. A New Year and a War Year. Whatever the next 12 months may bring only a Nostradamus should attempt to predict. But in the publishing field there are a few things we can predict with some degree of accuracy. For instance, we know that on the list of every publisher there will appear a fiction title proclaimed to be "perhaps the greatest novel of the past decade." There will be more books on Lincoln, hundreds of books on the war; an actress or actor will tell you his or her life story; Gypsy Rose Lee will write another detective yarn; another play and book will be made from material which has appeared in the *New Yorker*; Pulitzer prize announcements will be made, most of the critics being caught flat-footed, and some of the titles, at least, will be forgotten within two days; Lippincott will celebrate their 150th anniversary and perhaps celebrate the occasion by announcing the acquisition of another company.

★ ★

☞Simon & Schuster will, of course, publish another "Treasury" book; more titles will be added to the Modern Library and Pocket Book series; despite a serious paper shortage, there will be the usual full quota of fiction that is going to be remaindered in lots of twenty-five or more at 18 cents per unit; there will be books on the fighting in the South China Seas; the British African Campaign; biographies on or by 645 statesmen; several experts will surprise us by telling us all about the surprising strength of the Russians; and, lest we forget, there will be more "best sellers" by newspapermen.

★ ★

☞Harper's, Knopf, Dodd, Mead, Farrar & Rinehart, Houghton Mifflin, Little, Brown will announce prize contests; there will be another novel in the hard-boiled Schulberg, Cain, and Weidman tradition; Clifton Fadiman will write Introductions to at least three books; there will be learned papers on Virginia Woolf, Thomas Wolfe, Rabindranath Tagore, and F.D.R.

★ ★

☞Hitler will be the surprising subject of about twelve books which will surprise us by telling us of the surprising errors which led to his defeat; there will be a book on Churchill's dramatic visit to America; Macmillan's will still continue to publish and encourage poets while Random House will head the list in publishing plays. And of course there will be a lot of book reviewers who will wish they hadn't been so enthusiastic.

☞This happened the other day. A self-possessed girl of about twelve, plainly a product of one of the progressive schools, went to her neighborhood public library and said, "I'd like to see the sex books." Her confident manner infected the lady behind the desk, who took a key down from its hook and walked over with the little girl to the locked shelf where such books are kept along with some Joyce and Lawrence titles.

"Do you want a book for girls and boys, or just for girls?" The child paused a moment and said, "Well, both, I guess. I'm giving a talk to my class—we're co-educational—so I'll have to be informed about boys, too."

The Librarian fetched down two books—"Young Manhood," and "Young Womanhood." The girl looked at the titles and placed them in her satchel. As she proceeded to leave the building she turned to the librarian and said, "It's a delicate subject of course—but I think I can handle it."

★ ★

☞The first week of the New Year finds many of the publishers alert with books dealing with Defense. Among the more important titles is that of "Aircraft Spotter," by Lester Ott, published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. This slim, paper-bound edition tells you how to teach yourself to identify aircraft, and provides the reader with pictures, drawings, silhouettes, descriptions, and the distinguishing characteristics of the principal combat planes of all the great powers. There are full sections on the combat planes of Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Russia, and Japan. Frankly, if we were destined to watch for enemy planes, this is the book we would thoroughly study. Many an enemy plane will be shot down through "Aircraft Spotter."

★ ★

☞The hep-cats, rug-cutters, and the serious students of Jazz will welcome the new "Jazz Record Book" that will appear the latter part of this month. Smith & Durrell, publishers of the other highly successful "The Record Book"—which deals with the classics and the more serious musical recordings—are aware of the amazing resurgence jazz music is now undergoing. The "Jazz Record Book" promises to be a complete, authoritative guide to record-literature of Jazz. The authors, and there are four of them—Charles Edward Smith, Frederic Ramsey, Jr., William Russell, and Charles Payne Rogers—swing into the earliest beginning of jazz when New Orleans's Perdido Street started to croon through muffled trombones and trumpets. Brother, some boogie-woogie stuff.

★ ★

☞The Wells College Press has just issued a new book designed by Victor and Jacob Hammer. It is "An Opium-Eater in America" and "The Fratricide's Death," by William Blair, with an introduction by R. C. Bald. "An Opium-Eater in America" is the autobiography of a young Englishman who came to New York in the 1830's, and the latter title is the poem he wrote in circumstances almost identical with those in which Coleridge wrote "Kubla Khan."

★ ★

☞A Happy New Year.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

Records in Review

Edward Tatnall Canby

SPEAKING of the music of Krenek this reviewer observed last year that "the twelve-tone system of Schoenberg . . . is actually a very generalized method of composition; . . . quite orthodox imitation Franck, Debussy, or even Bach, could be written within its framework." Recently a major work written in this system has been recorded which includes as an integral part a chorale of Bach virtually in Bach's own harmonization, a work which should prove once and for all the validity of twelve-tone music. Alban Berg wrote his Violin Concerto (C M-465) in 1935 just before he himself died, as a sort of Requiem for the young Manon Gropius whose tragic death he felt deeply. The music is full of the feverish torture of her illness, and of the peace that comes with death—genuine program music, as directly expressive as the best of Schumann or Wagner. Perhaps the greatest testimony of true universality in this music is the inevitable logic which leads to the introduction of the chorale, *Es ist genug*. A significant part of the basic scheme (tone-row) of the piece is the first phrase of the chorale, and the profound emotion of the chorale itself thus becomes the culminating point in the technical and emotional development of the whole work. One is reminded, in contrast, of the arbitrary and bombastic treatment of *Ein' feste Burg* in Mendelssohn's Reformation symphony . . . A different contrast, and a paradox, is afforded by *Pierrot Lunaire* of Schoenberg himself, (C M-461) a highly dissonant experimental work *not* in the twelve-

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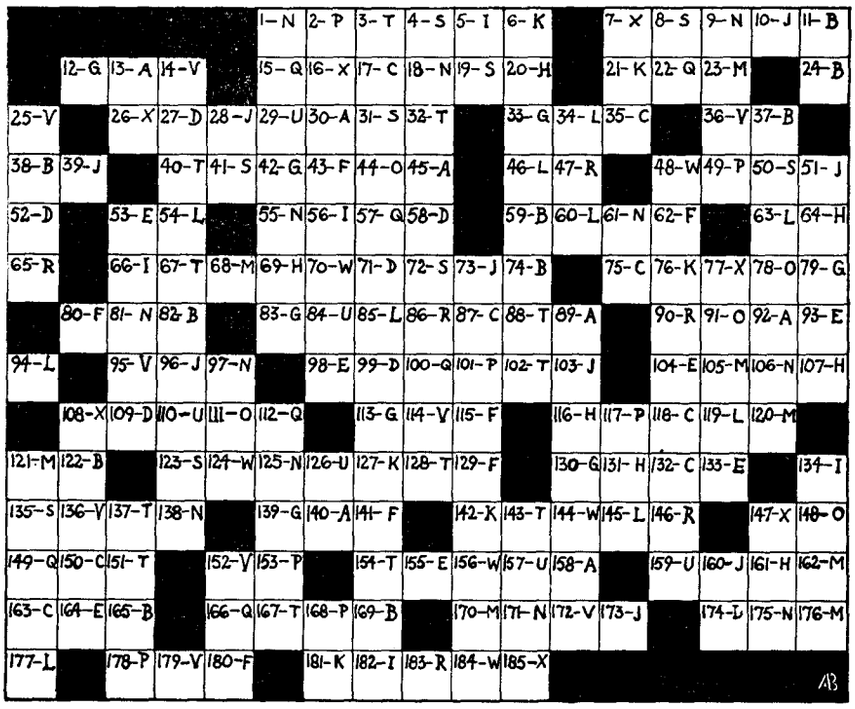
tone system—the twenty-one poems are "spoken along a given melodic line" to the tenuous accompaniment of a half dozen instruments. Incredibly difficult music, yet it has been performed hundreds of times since 1912, when it first appeared, by first-rate artists whose opinion commands the greatest respect. It is sheer folly to dismiss music of this sort as mere "mathematics."

★ ★

Fine records have accumulated so rapidly that I must cut short my comments on a fine crop to a sentence or two this week. Columbia's *Peter and the Wolf* (Prokofiev; C M-477) is superior to Victor's older Boston Symphony recording. Basil Rathbone's voice is intimate and business-like, free of the absurd affectation of Mr. Hale's performance, and the All American Youth Orchestra is recorded with truly super fidelity . . . Victor's Mozart Bi-centennial winds up with two first-rate lesser works in Eb, the Horn Concerto (K.447; V M 829), and the Concertante Sinfonie for Violin and Viola (K.364; V M-838). The former is impeccably played—not a blat—by Aubrey Brain and the B.B.C. The second movement is particularly fine. The latter work, seldom heard in concert, has long been well known in the recording by Sammons and Tertis (Columbia). Spalding in the new recording is perfunctory, and the empty hall makes hash of the New Friends of Music Orchestra's excellent playing. I think the more intimate older version is still the best; it was technically first rate in its day . . . The splendid series of Schumann recordings is continued with Symphony no. 4, again Bruno Walter, who records here for Victor with the London Symphony (V M-837). No. 4 (actually the 2nd) is the bombastic Schumann more than the lyric, and suffers thereby. The harder Schumann tried for form the less he accomplished, and the involved cyclic construction of this music smells a bit of the lamp. Nevertheless there is plenty of fine music in it, excellently performed. Stock and the Chicago Symphony made a recording recently of this for Columbia which I have not heard . . . A popular and beautifully recorded album is V M-830 containing two Roumanian Rhapsodies of Enesco . . . Two Strauss tone poems, *Till Eulenspiegel* and *Don Juan* have been released by Columbia. *Till* (C X-210) is most welcome, but Rodzinsky's interpretation gets off to a slow start, continues on the heavy side. *Don Juan* (C X-190) is the least interesting of the tone poems, but, as the earliest, is important as a pioneer effort.

Double-Crostics: No. 406

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 5 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Exclamation of dejection.

B. Of set type not quite vertical (phrase).

C. Impulses to laugh.

D. Associated with Arethusa (Gr.)

E. Government by violence (2 wds.)

F. The act that made polygamy a punishable offence (U. S. history) (1882).

G. Public gossip (2 wds.)

H. Homesickness (German).

I. Applied to the Swiss first line troops (with *the*).

J. Having a tendency to fix the attention.

K. Designating a giddy brain.

L. Some one or thing unsurpassed (colloq.)

M. Belief in serpent worship as divine symbol of wisdom.

N. From head to foot (phrase).

O. A sharply hollowed torrent-bed.

P. Russian herding dog.

Q. Brother of Electra.

R. Rainbow seen in dewdrops (2 wds.)

S. A manumitted slave (Rom. antiq.)

T. Lack of dexterity or skill.

U. 2nd god of the Hindu Trimurti.

V. To invalidate, weaken.

W. American woman novelist (1880-).

X. Loud bursts of laughter.

WORDS

A. 13 158 92 89 140 45 30

B. 24 122 165 38 11 37 59 74 169 82

C. 35 87 150 118 17 132 163 75

D. 109 27 52 58 99 174 71

E. 93 133 53 98 164 155 104

F. 141 129 62 43 80 115 180

G. 12 42 130 33 139 113 79 83

H. 64 20 131 161 116 69 107

I. 66 182 56 134 5

J. 28 96 103 51 10 39 160 73 173

K. 6 21 142 76 127 181

L. 63 34 54 177 85 46 119 94 145 60

M. 176 68 120 105 23 121 162 179

N. 55 9 125 1 106 61 175 138 81 18 171 97

O. 44 148 78 111 91

P. 153 49 101 168 178 2 117

Q. 166 22 149 15 100 112 57

R. 146 65 86 183 47 90

S. 19 8 123 135 31 4 72 41 50

T. 143 88 128 67 137 102 151 151 167 40 3 32

U. 29 126 157 159 84 110

V. 179 114 25 36 172 136 95 152 14

W. 70 184 124 144 156 48

X. 147 16 7 26 77 185 108

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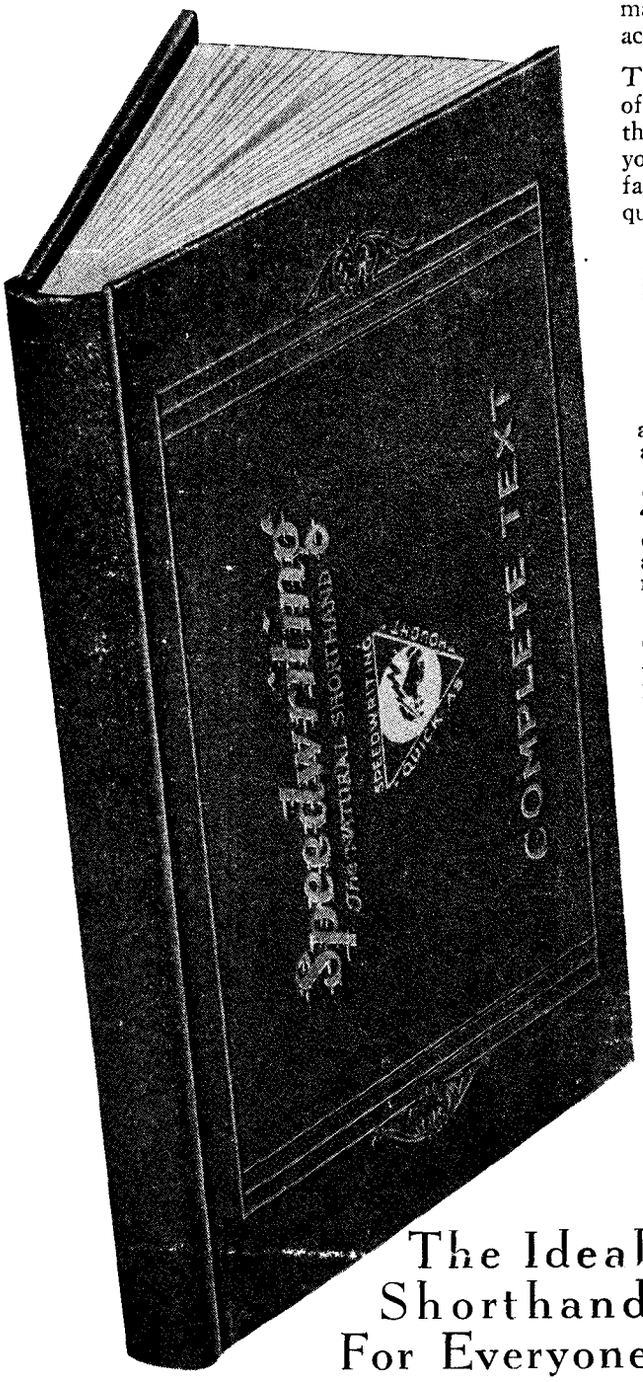

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